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Memorare.

Gentle Lady! who has ever
Sought in vain thy friendly aid;
Soul distressed or tempted never
At thy shrine unheeded prayed,
No, O Mother! Mortal ne'er
Bowed before thee aid imploring,
But thy hand was raised out-pouring
Grace in answer to his prayer.

Who has mourned an earthly sorrow,
Bitter though his grief may be,
But has felt his spirit borrow
Strength from converse held with thee?
None, O Mother! Mortal ne'er
Bowed before thee, aid imploring
But thy hand was raised out-pouring
Grace in answer to his prayer.

Who, when urged by evil passion,
Turned, thy loving help to sue,
But has known what thy compassion
In the soul's distress can do?
None, O Mother! Mortal ne'er
Bowed before thee, aid imploring,
But thy hand was raised out-pouring
Grace in answer to his prayer.

See before thy altar kneeling
Those whose griefs may pity claim
Hear the prayer which heavenward stealing
Calls upon a mother's name.
Hear us, Mother, mortal ne'er
Bowed before thee, aid imploring,
But thy hand was raised out-pouring
Grace in answer to his prayer,

T. H.